The Evening World.

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THE CRACKLING OF THORNS.

MURPHY settles himself "for life" as leader of Tammany Hall, while other Tammany lights crack jokes at the expense of "this rube town" where "some of the biggest men are those who have been the biggest failures elsewhere."

Somehow the mirth and merriment has a hollow sound.

Tammany sitting grim and silent is more formidable than a noisy Tammany indulging in guffaws of bluster and bluff. When things were going their way Tammany leaders have rarely made a practice of digging the town in the ribs with facetious jibes.

Tammany has had some hard knocks. Its troubles didn't end with the election. Hifalutin' talk of "allegiance" is all very well. But everybody knows what Tammany lives on. Everybody knows the kind of goods the leader of Tammany Hall must be able ultimately to deliver if he is to remain leader. Tammany Hall is not all sentiment.

Business in this State from the Tammany standpoint looks bad. In fact, it never looked worse.

A Tammany silently hugging the ground and feeling for trade might appear dangerous. But a Tammany bragging about life tenures and scoffing at New York as a city of "fakirs" only looks foolish and proves that it is losing its grip.

Mr. Cassidy takes a high plane: None of the men to whom he sold office failed to make good.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING.

NEARLY a thousand residents of New York City—961 is the actual number—were reported missing during the last three months of 1913. And of these the police found only 194.

Cases that find their way into the newspapers are after all but a handful compared with the hundreds of missing persons about whom nothing is printed and who figure only in the records of the police.

The extraordinary ease with which men, women and children can slip out of sight in a big city like New York is a common subject for wonder. In the past few months, however, the total of missing persons is said to have been far higher than usual.

Taking into account all causes—sudden illness, accident, loss of memory, kidnapping, abduction—and the big class of voluntary disappearances, what remedies or precautions seem likely to reduce the number.

Obviously it might be worth while to induce everybody to take greater care that they and their children shall always carry some permanent and definite means of identification. But could we ever submit, like the people of German cities, to be ticketed and filed and kept track of by the police? Or is one of our inalienable rights as individuals freedom to disappear?

Wealthy masher sent to the workhouse.—News Item. Wealth had better stick to smuggling.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND!

JUSTICE itself may well brush away a tear as it lays its inexorable hand on the Raines sandwich.

Twelve good men and true hadn't the heart to bring in a verdict against it. But Supreme Court Justice Philbin put them aside, took a firm grip on his principles and crumbled it on the altar of the law.

Unless higher courts intervene no more will the brave little isle of safety permit New Yorkers to surround themselves and it with grateful fluids on a dry Sunday. "No meal, no liquor," says the law. And cruel authority declares that the lonely bit of bread is not a meal.

Maybe it never was. Who can say? Even those who knew it best and beheld it oftenest little understood its real nature. For well-nigh twenty years it blessedly came and went and came again, but nobody ever asked whence or whither. None sought to know what was in it. No touch ever profaned it.

It was just The Sandwich—always welcome, always loved—but always respected.

And now it is gone! What coarse, "real" victuals can ever replace in our affections that friendly little slab—stale and unprofitable, if you will—but so familiar, so faithful and, we had thought, so imperishable!

How abhorrent is Graft to our legislators at Albany! How gladly would they fly its name—how joyfully forget it!

Letters From the People

Praise for "Complete Novels."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Readers appreciate in your paper the kind of serial stories you are giving in your "Complete Novel Each Week," and the amount of reading in each instalment. "The Return of Tarzan" was O. K., but Mr. Charles A. Seltzer's "Trail to Yesterday" was wonderful and full of character. Please keep on giving us more of them. Are you aware that many people buy the evening paper that has the best stories in it? J. T. F.

Waiting for Cars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Tell the couple who sign themselves "Massachusetts Girl and Man" (who waited at Broadway and Forty-third street fifteen minutes one night for an uptown surface car) that they have nothing on me and no cause for complaint. They ought to go to Brooklyn and wait some night for a Seventh avenue car. Why, before it came along their clothes would be out of style. LITTLE DUTCH.

What Is an "Old Maid?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A lady friend of mine who is thirty-seven years old objects to being called an "old maid," saying she is not an "old maid," but a "bachelor lady." She says that there is a distinction between the terms, but cannot explain it satisfactorily. Will somebody kindly decide if there is a distinction between the terms and define an "old maid"? E. W.

An Egg Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A farmer has three sons. He sends them out to sell eggs. To the oldest son he gives 50 eggs; to the second son 30 eggs; to the youngest 10 eggs; and each one is to sell them at the same price and bring home the same amount. How can they do it, readers? P. S., Montreal.

To Compute Interest.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some mathematical reader tell how to compute interest in the following problem? "A certain bill is to be paid irregularly, say a portion of it in 15 days, another in 23 days, another in 40 days, until the whole is paid, at 6 per cent. interest. How can the interest be computed upon the different days?" A. M.

The Newest Loophole

By Rehse

Romances of Models

—By Famous Artists—

PRINCE TROUBETZKOY and the Carolina Girl.

BETSY came to New York from her home in South Carolina," began Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the artist, "in spite of the opposition of an aunt with whom she had lived and on whom she was dependent for support.

"There was a young plantation owner down there who wanted to marry Betsy, but she believed that the histrionic ability of a Bernhardt, a Duse, a Mrs. Pat Campbell and a Lily Langtry was concentrated in her small being, and she intended to be a famous actress.

"Her small earnings were gone and Betsy would not ask her aunt who had so heartlessly disowned her to help her now when bread and butter and a roof became more momentous problems than her ambition to be a great actress. Betsy began to pose for a few artists.

"She had not the strength to pose very much, and from lack of proper nourishment became thinner and more emaciated looking. I offered to lend her some money, which she would not accept.

"Pride kept her from letting them know at home how she had failed. So one day I sent a telegram, telling her aunt that Betsy was absolutely without funds and ill.

"Betsy's former sweetheart, the young planter, lost no time in travelling to New York. He came to my studio and together we went to Betsy's cheap and tumble-down lodging house in Greenwich Village. The landlady ushered us in and said 'Top floor, rear. Better climb up yourselves. I have no time for them ceremonies.'

"In a cold and mean hall room we found Betsy stretched on a bed. She smiled faintly at us without moving. Realizing at once her precarious condition, the young Southerner dashed out to find a doctor, who pronounced Betsy's a case of starvation. She was taken to a hospital and for a week hovered between life and death, her devoted sweetheart always at her side.

"When the doctors advised her removal to the country where the warm sunshine and fresh air would be a quicker cure than any medicine, Betsy consented to marry the young Southerner before being moved.

"In a few weeks the girl became well and strong and her beauty bloomed again. I saw them before they went to their home in the South. Betsy thanked me for my timely interference and said: 'It's been a hard lesson, but I appreciate now wherein my real happiness lies.'"

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The biggest ears do not necessarily indicate the best listener.—Deseret News.

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A man has invented a rat-trap that can be set with the foot, but what can the foot be set with if the rat-trap comes down on it?—Florida Times-Union.

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The Lieutenant-Governor of New York declares he will retire from politics at the end of his term because he is tired of holding office. We must be living in a mollycoddle age, indeed, when a man professing to be a Democrat confesses to weariness of the job. It is perfectly absurd.—Houston Post.

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A doctor asserts that heavy underclothing causes red noses. It may be that a lot of high tinted nose owners have been sadly misjudged.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Many men need self-starters more than the automobiles they ride in.

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A figure of speech—every woman.

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When in doubt use simplified spelling and people will think you learned.—Macon Telegraph.

Domestic Dialogues

—By Alma Woodward—

"One in a Thousand."

Scene: The Jones living room at 8.00 P. M.

MRS. J. (softly)—Are you comfortable, Freddie, dear?

Mr. J. (smiling at her)—Yes, honey. Very comfortable. Are you?

Mrs. J. (beaming)—Of course. Isn't this a cozy little room? I just love this room!

Mr. J. (smothering a yawn)—And think of those poor fools who gulp down their evening meal and then can't get out of their homes fast enough! They infest dance halls, vaudeville theatres, moving pictures and cafés.

Mrs. J. (sighing softly)—We ARE happy, aren't we, dear?

Mr. J. (confidently)—Yes.

Mrs. J. (reaching out her hand)—But there's nobody could help being happy with you, you're so dear and sweet, Freddie.

Mr. J. (patting her hand)—I guess you've got more to do with it than I have, little woman. You're one in a thousand.

(There is a lapse in the conversation. The clock ticks along, never missing a beat. Even the radiator is wizzing a soft benediction.)

Mrs. J. (very solemnly)—If I should die your heart would break, wouldn't it, Freddie?

Mr. J. (brokenly)—Oh, darling! Don't speak of those things. Don't!

Mrs. J. (almost tearfully)—And mine would, if you did, too.

Mr. J. (tenderly)—You dear! You're one woman in a hundred!

Mrs. J. (suddenly)—A minute ago you said one in a thousand, Freddie.

Mr. J. (soothingly)—Did I, sweet?

Mrs. J. (choking pitifully)—See? You don't even remember what you say. You say everything so lightly, just as if you were reciting. The things you say don't sink into your heart, like the things I say.

Mr. J. (with irritation)—Oh, don't be silly. That's the trouble with you. You always tie a knot in every string you throw out. Just say I'm sweet and nice and let it go at that.

Mrs. J. (haughtily)—Humph! You don't think anything of yourself, do you?

Mr. J. (sternly)—I'm asking only for justice. I wouldn't say to you: "You're beautiful in MY eyes, even though every one else says you're as ugly as"——

Mrs. J. (interrupting indignantly)—How dare you? They didn't! They don't! They wouldn't! They——

Mr. J. (jumping up from his lovely, comfortable chair)—Oh, come on, let's get out of here. Let's go some place. Let's see something of life. Let's go to the show around the corner. There's such a thing as being so contented and peaceful that it bites you! Come on.

Ten Dramatic Chapters In the Story of New York

No. 5.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 1853-54.

THE universal admiration and emulation occasioned in the United States by the great London International Exhibition in 1851—the first enterprise of its kind—stimulated a similar undertaking in New York two years later, which was named "An Exhibition of Industry of All Nations." Perhaps one reason for this was the fact that large numbers of Americans had visited the London exposition of the year named.

The short intervening time allowed for preparation and the distance of the place of exhibit from the old world countries most advanced in arts and manufactures suggested a considerable reduction in the size of the building and space available for exhibitors.

The site chosen was then well "uptown," in the large public square later known as Bryant Park or Reservoir Park, bounded by Forty-first and Forty-second streets and Fifth and Sixth avenues, of which the company obtained a lease for five years, containing about 4½ acres. Upon this area a second "Crystal Palace" was erected, mainly of iron and glass, upon the same general architectural lines as the one in Hyde Park, London.

It was octagonal in ground plan, but had two naves intersecting symmetrically at right angles, each 365 feet 5 inches by 149 feet 5 inches. The intersection of the naves was crowned by a hemispherical glass dome 109 feet in diameter, the height of the springing line being 70 feet and the total height to the summit above the crown 123 feet.

On July 14, 1853, the first World's Fair in America was opened with grand ceremonies by Franklin Pierce, President of the United States. For three years the exhibition was practically continuous, being reopened in 1854 and 1855.

The cost of this New York Crystal Palace—the first of a long series of great international expositions to be held on this side of the Atlantic—was about $200,000. To meet this and to maintain the enterprise, money was raised by an issue of stock in $100 shares—at first $300,000, which was later increased to $500,000.

So enthusiastically did the public respond that the shares for a time sold at a good premium. But although the exposition was well attended and the exhibits were large and well diversified, the enterprise ultimately resulted in a net loss to the promoters. Thereafter the building was leased to the American Institute for its annual exhibitions. During one of these, on Oct. 15, 1858, it was destroyed by fire. Such is the brief history of the only World's Fair and its building in the Empire City.

Favorite Recipes of Famous Women.

Mrs. Woodbridge N. Ferris.

Tomato Cream Sauce.

USE either freshly cooked or canned tomatoes. Drain off the juice and put the pulp through the colander. Measure the desired amount of the pulp and heat to boiling. Moisten the flour with a little of the cold cream and add slowly to the boiling tomato, stirring constantly. Add seasoning and remainder of cream. Cook five minutes and serve with croquettes.

Mrs. Edward S. Fawcett.

Steamed Apples.

TAKE firm, tart apples, pare and core and stick in each four whole cloves. Have water and sugar and sliced lemon in a drip pan on the stove. When the sugar is well dissolved put in the apples, cover and cook slowly. When done they should be tender but firm and a clear, golden color. Serve hot or cold.

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Little Causes Of Big Wars

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 48.—One Soldier's Folly That Led to the Black Hawk War.

BLACK HAWK—MAKATAIME—SHEKIAKIAK—crossed the Mississippi, from his tribe's reservation, in 1831. With him were some of his Sac tribesmen. Their errand was peaceful. To use Black Hawk's own words, they were going to "steal their own corn." In other words, to plant a crop on some rich and unoccupied land that had once been theirs and had been taken over by the Government.

Their present reservation was nearly barren, and the extra crop was sorely needed to avert famine. There is no reason to believe the band had any warlike intention. But their presence on the wrong side of the Mississippi was made known to the local army commander, Gen. Atkinson, who ordered them back. Black Hawk explained that his errand was peaceful and that he and his men would go home as soon as the corn planting was finished.

A battalion of militia was at once sent to enforce the General's command. Black Hawk, who was camped in a forest, supposed that the troops had not understood his explanation, and sent a messenger, under flag of truce, to explain the situation all over again. As the flag-of-truce bearer with two comrades approached the militia one of the white soldiers lost his head at sight of three real live Indians and snatched up a musket.

The Insult to Flag of Truce.

Before any attempt could be made to stop him the militiaman fired on the flag of truce. The Indian who carried the flag dropped dead. And this wantonly idiotic shooting caused the famous "Black Hawk war."

Black Hawk, on learning that his messenger was shot, gathered forty braves around him and hid in a tangled thicket. As the militiamen—two hundred and seventy in number—approached, they were met by a blaze of gunfire and a deafening chorus of war whoops. The soldiers turned and fled.

Two hundred and seventy United States militiamen put to utter rout by forty ill-armed Indians! Nor did most of the soldiers pause in their panic retreat until they reached Dixon's Ferry, fully thirty miles away from the scene of their disgrace.

The war was on. The refugees announced that they had been "ambushed by two thousand bloodthirsty savages." And their story was believed until it was proven that the Indians had numbered barely forty and that only fifteen of these had given chase to the fleeing two hundred and seventy.

Gen. Winfield Scott, with a thousand regular troops, marched against the Sacs. His little army was reinforced by militia and frontiersmen. Among the militia volunteers was a lanky, gigantic, young country lawyer—Abraham Lincoln by name. Black Hawk by this time had been joined by his full fighting force and by war parties from allied tribes. His band numbered about 500, against more than 2,000 white foes.

There were the usual raids and wholesale murders and skirmishes common to Indian warfare and several pitched battles. Black Hawk sent to the general in command the following message:

"Black Hawk would have been a friend of the whites, but they would not let him. The hatchet was dug up by them and not by the Indians. Black Hawk meant no harm to the palefaces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to plant corn for his starving women and children. Even then he would have gone back, but when he sent his white flag the brave who carried it was inhumanly shot. Black Hawk will have revenge, and he will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him: 'Come away!'"

But at length, his band cut to pieces, while constant reinforcements swelled the ranks of his enemies, Black Hawk was forced to surrender.

Black Hawk's Surrender.

The officer in charge of the detachment that escorted the beaten chief to St. Louis and to prison there was a young army lieutenant, Jefferson Davis, son-in-law of the Col. Zachary Taylor who had fought so gallantly throughout the campaign.

In the brief Black Hawk war, oddly enough, were four soldiers three of whom later were Presidents and a fourth a Presidential candidate. They were Lincoln, Taylor, Davis and Scott.

Words You Use Incorrectly

No. 6.

LIKE and AS—Here are two more words frequently misused, one for the other. "Like" and "as" both express similarity. But "like" compares things and "as" compares action or existence. When "as" is used, a verb should be expressed or understood. When "like" is used a verb is neither expressed nor understood. To say: "He does it like I do" is a gross error, too often committed.

LOAN—Loan, strictly speaking, is a noun, not a verb. A "loan" is the thing that is lent, not the act of lending. To say "I 'loaned' him money," instead of "I 'lent' him money," is incorrect.

LOCATE—Locate means "to place." To say "I located in Brooklyn" (meaning "I went there to live") is as absurd as to say "I placed in Brooklyn."

AVOCATION—Here is a blunder made by scores of supposedly good writers—the blunder of confusing "avocation" with "vocation." Vocation is a calling, a mode of livelihood or of work, &c. Avocation literally means a "calling away," and refers to anything that calls one away from work. Thus, bookkeeping may be a man's vocation and his favorite avocation may be fishing or theatre-going. To speak of bookkeeping as his "avocation" would imply that bookkeeping is his favorite amusement after work hours.

PARTAKE—To partake means to take a part of, or to share. You can correctly ask a man to partake of your dinner; but if you say "I partook of my dinner," you are saying merely: "I shared, or took a part of my dinner."

PATRON—This is a word chiefly misused in business parlance. Shopkeepers speak of their "patrons" and ask for a "continuation of patronage." A patron, really, is a man who, out of kindness of heart, gives money to the needy. Few shopkeepers can rightly class their customers under such a head.

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 8182—Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 Years.

MOTHERS of little girls always like dresses that can be made of flouncing and bordered materials, for, besides being pretty, such fabrics supply their own finish. This one is quite novel, the lower edges of the yoke being straight as well as the edges of the skirt and the short sleeves. In the picture, embroidered voile is shown, but there are numerous flouncings and bordered materials that are pretty, while plain materials can be treated as shown in the back view. Among the new materials is challis with an extremely pretty flowered border that is eminently attractive for the little folk and the season's flouncings are extremely beautiful in design.

For the 6-year size the dress will require 2½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide, or 3 yards of flouncing 12 inches wide with ⅝ yard of plain material 36 inches wide.

Pattern No. 8182 is cut in sizes for girls from 4 to 8 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 189 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.